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INQUIRIES RESPECTING FOOD.

FIRST ARTICLE.

THE poor are in general a complete puzzle to the rich. Travellers, after passing hastily through a country to their foreign, somehow contrive to speak very confidently about the condition of the working population. But when any enlightened person goes amongst the poor of his own country, and endeavours to ascertain whether they are well or ill off, it is ten to one that all his inquiries only lead him farther from certainty than he was at the beginning. Ask any hundred Englishmen of the middle class if they believe the labouring population to be in comfort, and the answer, in all probability, of fifty, will be in the affirmative, and of the other fifty in the negative. It is a subject on which the middle classes in general have no exact knowledge, nor do they appear to have the power of obtaining any. Their own situation and wants are so different, that they can form no judgment of the case of the labouring classes, nor of what measures may be calculated to do them good. It was a saying of Mr Walker, the magistrate of Lambeth Street, "Let any scheme for the maintenance of a labouring man be devised by a gentleman, and you will always find that the labouring man will live at a cheaper rate than that estimated." They have ways altogether past the gentleman's finding out. A lively proof of the utter incompetency of gentlemen to form an estimate of their condition, was afforded a few years ago, when queries as to what families earned, and whether they could lay by any thing, were extensively circulated amongst clergymen and others serving in parochial offices in the metropolis. From some parishes, the answers averred that labouring families earned in all L.49, and could live, but not save, upon it. In other parishes, they were said to earn L.60, upon which, also, saving was said to be impossible. In St Leonard's parish, Eastcheap, a family might earn L.78, from which they could save nothing. In Holy Trinity the Less, the family earnings reached L.93, which afforded spare diet, but on which nothing could be saved. And in St Anne's, Limehouse, where L.100 a-year could be earned by a labourer and his family, still it was barely sufficient for sustenance, and permitted of no saving.* Here we have some families, to all appearance earning twice as much as others, and yet thought by gentlemen to be not a whit more easy in their circumstances. About the same time, when inquiries were made amongst a similar class of persons in Devonshire, as to whether any of the agricultural labourers were able to save from their earnings, some of the gentlemen answered that a few of the labourers had trifling sums in the savings' banks, while others either expressed a doubt if the thing were possible, or flatly stated their conviction that it was impossible; and yet it was found that L.70,000 had been deposited in the savings' banks of the county by about two thousand such labourers, being one out of every ten of that class of men in the district.

While the non-operative part of the community are thus unfitted by the difference of habits and of sphere for coming to a clear understanding of the condition of the working population, there is a want of ascertained principles in political and natural science with reference to this subject, which makes the case doubly perplexing. To a very recent time, nearly every thing done for the relief of the labouring classes in distress was calculated to do them injury rather than good: by following out the first dictates of benevo-

lence in their behalf, a system had been formed, which threatened utterly to demoralise the poor, and make poor the rich; and it is only now that better principles are dawning upon us. We are unsettled upon a scarcely less important point, the amount and kinds of nutriment which are necessary for the health of the labouring classes. This is a subject on which all are alike ignorant, for as yet it has never been the subject, to any serious extent, of philosophical inquiry. It is one, however, of great importance, and we are anxious to do what in us lies, by means of a work of unusual circulation, to turn public attention to it.

Workhouses, prisons, and other places where large numbers are fed on a regular plan, are obviously calculated to afford some data on this point; and we have accordingly done our best to collect from those quarters all that is at present to be learned—for, it may be as well to say beforehand, experiments would require to be made on a large scale, and with the most critical attention, in order to ensure perfectly satisfactory conclusions. Some of the following facts are the result of personal observation and inquiry, and others are derived from a national document already quoted.

The most liberal systematic allowance of provisions that has ever come to our knowledge, is that made to the convicts in New South Wales. It consists of 10½ pounds of meat, 10½ pounds of flour, 7 ounces of sugar, and 2 ounces of salt, with tea and tobacco at the discretion of the master, per week—being at the rate of 48 ounces of solids a-day, one half of those solids consisting of animal food. The next best is the allowance to convicts in the hulks, which consists of 14 pounds 5 ounces of solids, with 7 pints of beer, a-week, being at the rate of nearly 33 ounces of solids a-day, one third of which is animal food. Prisoners between apprehension and trial, in jails conducted on the common old principles, are next best off, having in some districts above 200 ounces of solids a-week, or about 29 ounces a-day, of which two ounces are animal food. Soldiers are provided, by the warrant for the pay of the army, with a pound of brown bread and three quarters of a pound of meat a-day, or 28 ounces solids, not more than sixpence being for this deducted from their pay, the remainder of which may enable them to purchase other comforts. Under the old poor-law, most of the workhouses were conducted on a liberal principle as to provisions. In that of St Mary's, Reading, the weekly allowance to each man, woman, and child, indiscriminately, was 7 pounds bread, 2½ meat, 3 vegetables, 1 pound 9 ounces cheese, and 21 pints of beer, per week, being 13 pounds 13 ounces of solids per week, or 30 ounces a-day, exclusive of beer. In the workhouse of St Lawrence in the same town, from forty to fifty paupers had 150 pounds of meat weekly amongst them. The diet here was so much more ample, and so much more generous, than that of the labouring people generally, that new entrants usually became ill upon it, and were ill for some time, though, after getting habituated to it, they thrived well—and never afterwards left the house. According to a calculation made by Mr Chadwick from official returns, the able-bodied pauper under the old system had, weekly, 112 ounces bread, 84 ounces meat (liable to a reduction of 28 for waste in cooking), 16 ounces cheese, 16 ounces pudding, besides vegetables, soup, porridge, beer, and other comforts, being probably not much less than 30 ounces of solids per day.

A leading object of the authors of the new poor-law was to reduce the diet of all workhouses to the lowest consistent with health, in order that they might not hold out temptations to able-bodied persons who could make a better by labour. It is lower, we

believe, in the south of England than elsewhere, on account of the condition of the labouring classes being there inferior. In the union poor-house of Chorlton-on-Medlock, which we presume to be on a common scale, the diet is as follows. The pauper has on Sunday, for breakfast, 1½ pints rice milk, and 4 ounces of bread; for dinner, 1½ pints milk pottage, and 6 ounces of bread; and for supper, 1 pint of milk, and as much oatmeal porridge as he can take. His breakfast on Monday and all the other days of the week, is the same as the above supper, namely, as much oatmeal porridge as he can take, with a pint of milk, and his suppers on these nights are the same. On Monday and Thursday, his dinner is 4 ounces of cooked meat, and 4 ounces of bread, with potatoes; on Tuesday and Friday, 1½ pint of soup, and 6 ounces of bread; and on Wednesday and Saturday, 2 pints of potato hash, and 4 ounces of bread. The women above sixty have, at their option, tea morning and evening, with 4 ounces of bread and butter, instead of the above breakfast and supper; and the sick have a better diet, under the regulation of the medical attendant. The present writer has not visited this workhouse, but he has carefully inspected that of the borough of Manchester, which, though exempt from the control of the commissioners, is conducted on precisely the same plan of diet. He found that, for 677 inmates, the weekly provisions consisted of 237 pounds of choice beef at 6d., 532 pounds of coarse beef (that is, necks, shoulders, and briskets), at 4d., and 120 pounds of bacon at 6d.—besides the bones, amounting to about 24 pounds; 6 loads flour, 6 loads oatmeal, 18 loads potatoes, 40 pounds rice, 10 pounds tea, 80 pounds sugar, 80 pounds treacle, 80 pounds butter, and 58 pounds cheese, besides beer, &c., being, in all (not allowing for waste), about 33 ounces of solids a-day, whereof 3 ounces animal food. When waste and extra diets are allowed for, the amount may probably be about 30 ounces—a diet not less in quantity, though possibly not quite so generous, as that given under the old system.

Requesting the reader's patience for a few more figures, we shall now describe the diet of two Scottish workhouses, that of the city of Edinburgh, and that of St Cuthbert's, the latter being a parish chiefly consisting of a populous limb or suburb of the Scottish capital. In the former establishment, for an average of 420 inmates, mostly old people (the average age being 62½), the food weekly consists of 21 stones ox-heads, at 1s. 5d. per stone; 5 stone 10 pounds common beef, at 4s. per stone; 3264 six-ounce loaves, 3 cwt. barley and peas, 94 bolls oatmeal, 560 pints of skimmed or churned milk, 16 pints sweet milk, 72 gallons of beer—besides groceries, wines, and spirits for the sick and aged. This gives about 19 ounces of solids to each person per day, besides milk and beer, and any vegetables which may occasionally be added to the dinner mess. In the St Cuthbert's Workhouse, the weekly consumption of victuals for an average of 524½ inmates, or one-fourth more than those in the City Workhouse, but of whom two hundred are children, is 31 stones of beef (ox-heads, necks, and houghs); 4197 loaves of six and a half ounces, 3½ cwt. barley and peas, 14½ bolls of oatmeal, 399½ gallons milk, and 157 4-5ths gallons beer; exclusive of cabbage, greens, &c. The daily allowance to each person is stated by the parish authorities to be 8 ounces of meal, 2 of beef, 6½ of bread, 1½ of barley (besides greens), making in all 18 ounces of solids, with 4 gills of milk, or a portion of beer instead. In the Bridewell of the city, the allowance is somewhat larger than in either of these instances, being about 22 ounces of solids; but there the inmates are mostly persons in the vigour of life, and who are also kept at labour.

It thus appears, that paupers in England are fed

* Extracts from the Information Received by his Majesty's Commissioners as to the Administration and Operation of the Poor-Laws. Published by Authority (1833). P. 234.

in a much more liberal style than those of Scotland, the former getting about 30 ounces of solids per day, including 3 ounces of the best animal food, while the latter have only about nineteen ounces, whereof less than two are of meat, and that of the least nutritious kind. It now becomes of importance to learn how the paupers in the two countries thrive on their respective allowances. And here a very surprising result meets our eye. The deaths in the Manchester Workhouse, from September 1, 1837, to August 31, 1838, were 295, the average number of inmates being 708. It is to be presumed, of course, that, as the situation is remarkably healthy, the amount of deaths is not greater here than it is in Chorlton-upon-Medlock, or any other workhouse under the new poor-law; but as we have no information on this point, we are content to consider the return as expressly from the Manchester Workhouse alone. In the Edinburgh Charity Workhouse, during the five years preceding 1831, the average annual mortality amongst an average of 400 inmates, was 61 3-5ths—say, for the sake of round numbers, 62. Thus, in the Manchester Workhouse, 1 dies for every 2 and 8-20ths—or about 2½; while, in the Edinburgh Workhouse, 1 dies for every 6 and 9-20ths, or about every 6¼; the mortality in Manchester being nearly three times greater than in Edinburgh. We are not quite sure but that children are included in the Manchester calculations, which may give that house some disadvantage in contrast with the Edinburgh one, where there are no children, and the average age is about 62. But, to give it every fair chance, we shall contrast the mortality with that in the St Cuthbert's house, where more than 200 of the inmates are young boys and girls. The mortality in this house during the year 1837 was 83, out of 524½ of average amount of inmates, being 5½ more in proportion than in the City Workhouse, but still only 1 in 6½ of the inmates—a difference which does not materially affect the comparison.

If, then, the proportion of mortality be a fair test by which to judge of health, and if there be no lurking error in our calculations, it would appear that the diet of 20 ounces agrees better with old paupers than that of 30 ounces. We state the hypothesis with deference to the results of more extensive inquiries, and are far from wishing that it should be rashly acted on. But still it rests on such grounds, and meets with such support from other facts, that we feel justified in pressing it strongly upon general notice. It is not the least remarkable of this supporting facts, that we found the medical attendants, both at Manchester and at Chorlton, inclined to suspect, that, though they were acting for the best under the various circumstances of the case, the diet was *over-abundant*; and this opinion they stated, whilst as yet we were unacquainted with the comparative rates of mortality above stated, and had not a single idea on the subject wherewith to lead them.

The returns from prisons supply a tolerably extensive range of facts, all tending to show that there must be some point at which health is best maintained. "In Suffolk, the food given in the County Jail costs 1s. 9d. per head per week (the food of those at hard labour being 2s. 11d.), whilst at Woodbridge Jail the cost of food is 3s. 6d.: at the former jail there were 10, and at the latter 18 per cent. sick. The cost of food at the Wakefield House of Correction, Yorkshire, is stated to be 1s. 8½d., and 6 per cent. of the prisoners are sick in the year; whilst the food at Northallerton is reported to be 8s. 0½d., and there are 37 per cent. of sick in the year. In the Cold Bath Fields House of Correction, which is a smoky neighbourhood, the prisoners receive a diet of 174 ounces of solid food weekly, and the proportion of sick is 4½ per cent. per annum. At the Guildford House of Correction, a diet of 230 ounces of solid food is given weekly, and the proportion of sick annually is 9 per cent."* Mr Chadwick, in his Report on the Poor under the old system, says, "The health appears, on the whole, to be better in those places where the diet is moderate, than in those where it is more abundant. Mr Hewitt [master of the St George's Workhouse, Southwark] states that the reduction of diet mentioned by him, which was from 169 ounces of solids weekly to one of 134 ounces [this was a reduction which took place in the house under Mr Hewitt's charge], was productive of no bad effects: the paupers maintained on the low diet were as well, if not better than before the change; and few of them comparatively

to those who had been accustomed to live on a more full diet, suffered by the cholera." Still more precise and instructive information on this point has been acquired since the Poor-Law Commissioners were inquiring into the subject. Returns of the diet and mortality in sixty prisons were obtained, and from these it appeared that the latter rose in an exact proportion to the amount of the former. In twenty houses, where the average of weekly diet was 188 ounces of solids, costing 1s. 10½d. to each person, the sick were 3 per cent., and the deaths one in 622 (we presume, per week). In twenty houses, where the average of weekly diet was 213 ounces of solids, costing 2s. 4½d. to each man, the sick were 18 per cent., and the deaths one in 320. And in twenty houses, where the average of weekly diet was 218 ounces of solids, costing 3s. 2d. to each man, the sick were 23 per cent., and the deaths one in 266.

While these large establishments thus exemplify the consequences of *too much*, they also give us facts showing that *too little* is not less injurious. In the Edinburgh Workhouse, at the beginning of the year 1831, a change took place in the management. Much debt had been incurred by the former directors, great waste was suspected to have been practised, and the new men came in with a determination to give a very different appearance to the accounts. They therefore struck off, per week, 1 stone from the meal, 81 pounds from the barley and peas, and upwards of 3 stones from the common beef. The reduced diet was continued for five and a-half years, and whereas the mortality for the similar preceding period had been 61 3-5ths per annum, it was, during this, 77½, an increase of rather more than a fourth. Since the former diet was resumed, the former rate of mortality has been restored. We thus see, as clearly as possible, that the diet had been taken down below the point at which aged unemployed persons can maintain a healthy existence. It was creditable to the gentlemen managers that, on this being shown to them, they reverted to a better diet. Some years later, a similar change took place in the management of the St Cuthbert's Workhouse; but on this occasion, while the expenditure was reduced, the diet was rather improved than diminished. We gave, in our 142d number, an account of the management of this house, from which it appeared that the support of the inmates cost an uncommonly small sum. We have no reason to fear that the diet of the aged amongst these has been below the point of health; but from facts which came under notice last year, it is not to be doubted that the principle of economy has been carried too far in another important respect. During the early part of the past year, the amount of disease among the young inmates was such as to give a startling view of the circumstances in which they are reared and live. Fifty, being nearly one-fourth of the number, were seized with severe and intractable ophthalmia, or disease of the eyes, which in several cases has ended in impaired vision. From November 1837 till June 1838, 17 died of pulmonary consumption; 70 were seized with hooping-cough, and there were 36 cases of fever. In June, 17 were "afflicted with numerous scrofulous ulcers." Two eminent physicians, who were then requested to inspect the house, and give their advice, reported that "the general aspect of a great number of the children, not labouring under actual disease, is not satisfactory, but is indicative of a feeble, unhealthy state of the constitution, which may lay the foundation of disease in after life." These gentlemen traced the evil to scanty diet and scanty clothing—for it appeared that the dress of the children was the same summer and winter, except in respect of shoes and stockings, there being no under-clothing—while the bedding was also insufficient. The managers agreed to remedy the error to a certain extent, granting an afternoon lunch of bread and milk to the children, which, however, on a partial restoration of health, they have since abridged of the milk. In all this, there is, to the best of our belief, the very reverse of ill intention. The committee of rate-payers who form the management are naturally anxious to make that rate as little as possible; they very properly wish to make the workhouse unattractive to all but the helpless; and, ignorant like the rest of the community of the laws which govern the animal system, they do not trace the effects of insufficient and too little varied diet. If enlightened on this point, we have not the least doubt that they, or any other workhouse managers in the same circumstances, would be led by their humanity to establish a somewhat more liberal system. The fact is nevertheless too valuable, as a proof of the evil consequences of a too low diet, to be here overlooked.

Here, for the present, we must take leave of this interesting subject. The consideration of it will be resumed in our next publication.

GRACE BROWN,

A SKETCH FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.*

GRACE BROWN was the pet of the village—pretty, lively, and, like all other pets, very self-willed; but the effects of this latter quality were softened down and rendered quite lovable by her open, generous disposition, which would not allow her to injure another, even to gratify that ruling passion. Some said that Grace thought herself sufficiently handsome, and termed it vanity. True, perhaps, when each Sabbath morning found her ready decked for the sunny walk to the parish church on the hill-side, or the week-day's evening saw her in her little chamber window plying her needle—yes, perhaps then, as she caught a side-long glance at herself in the little mirror, she might think it no such great wonder that the young men gazed as they passed her, or that they looked so curiously at the bow-pots and flowering geraniums perched on the sill of her casement—perhaps, too, she might think they cast a glance beyond. But was this vanity? No; Grace was as free of that hateful quality as the bird which carolled so joyously in his bright cage on the cottage wall. Vanity cannot be justly attributed to those who are only conscious of possessing the qualities which are theirs in reality, but to those alone who boast to themselves of perfections which they can never hope to possess. Such was the case with those who termed Grace vain.

One fine autumn evening she sat, as usual, beside her geraniums, over which was hung her little bird Pet; but the leaves of the former hung droopingly, as though to ask of their sweet mistress the usual drop of spring water, and poor Pet chirruped and hopped from perch to perch, and ruffled his yellow feathers to attract her attention, but in vain. No cooling drop greeted the sickly leaf—no tiny finger placed a bit of sugar between Pet's cage wires. And how was this? Was Grace ill? No; but her thoughts were wandering, and although her eyes were fixed full on poor Pet and his companion plants, she neither saw one nor the other. And whither were her thoughts wandering? Only into a neighbouring lane, up which she strolled when the sun was beginning to dip his bright head 'neath the blue tops of the neighbouring hill. It was a very pleasant lane, but as its sides were bounded by high hawthorn and wild rose-bushes, it may be supposed Grace did not go there for the sake of any beautiful prospect, for her whole height was not more than the top of the banks on which the bushes grew. For what, then, could it be? In truth it was that there generally accompanied her thither a very pleasant companion—not her mother—not one of the neighbours' daughters. No: but a young man, the son of a farmer not far distant.

Yes, the truth may as well be told. Grace had given, or thought she had given, her little heart to this companion of her strolls; and, indeed, any one to look on him, might imagine a better choice could not be made. Tall, handsome, and athletic he was, and his eye beamed when he looked on her. But they who knew him better than Grace, said that he was wild and fickle. Neither did they scruple to warn her of that knowledge. But Grace would not believe. How could she, when she saw that, although they spoke against him, they were always ready to welcome him to their own homes? Besides, there was an eloquence far more powerful to the heart and understanding of Grace—more eloquent, more easily believed than aught they could utter. Yes, the eye and tongue of William Clively were the monitors most eagerly sought, and most willingly listened to when found. How could she think he was deceiving her? There was no falsehood in his deep gaze on her—no harshness in his soft voice. But there was one who did not like him, to whom Grace had ever yet been accustomed to pay the most profound submission, because that humility had never been forced, but ever won from her by love. That being was her mother!

She had now been sitting in this deep reverie some ten minutes, from which she was roused by a light hand being laid on her shoulder. The blood mounted to her temples and cheek, for she knew, without raising her eyes, that it was her mother, and she felt conscious that that mother's eye was reading her innermost heart. She also knew she had ought to fear, for though at this moment her little heart had been rebellious, her parent's chiding was ever one of gentleness.

"Grace, love," spoke the mother, gently placing her hand on the half downcast head, "why do you not go forth this evening? See, the sun has almost lost his last bit of crimson in the deep grey. Come, love: you have been sewing all day. Just throw your scarf around you and walk in our garden."

"I would rather not, mamma," answered Grace in a low tone, turning her head still more from her parent, and then, for the first time, casting her eyes on the drooping plants and now sulky little Pet. But she quickly added, "I will water my trees and chirrup to Pet a little, for he seems quite to have the mopes."

* Condensed in a note to the "Extracts, &c.," from the returns of the Prison Discipline Society.

* We extract this pleasing little story, from a work lately brought under our notice, entitled "Tales and Sketches, Historical and Domestic, by Mrs D. Clarke, late E. A. Ingram." The authoress evidently possesses much taste and feeling, and we hope that her present attractive volume may meet with such success as will induce her to pursue the cultivation of fictitious literature.

"And how comes it that he has the mopes, love?" again spoke her mamma.

"Ah! I see, mamma," returned the now half-tearful, half-smiling maiden; "I see you have been reading my heart, and that it is useless to keep any thing from you. But though you have seen part that was passing there, you cannot tell all!"

"But I can guess, Grace; and that, perchance, will do as well. I doubt not you thought me very cruel—very inconsiderate in not allowing you to have quite your own way; and I doubt not that you thought I knew very little about it; but sit down, love, and I will tell you a little passage in my own life, and after that I shall leave you to judge for yourself, only first assuring you that I have every proof that William Clively is very wild, and his father quite unable to support him in his present extravagance. See here, love, I have brought my knitting; so take up your work from the window sill, and thus, while we are quite industrious, I will proceed to tell you that my sketch commences when I was about a twelvemonth older than you are now. At that time, Grace, I was circumstanced, too, somewhat as you are. You understand me, love?" Grace blushed and smiled. "I had a rebellious heart, too; and there was one for whom it was rebellious—one whom it had set up as the idol of its idolatry, and one whom, unfortunately, neither of my parents approved. But yet, Grace, I own that I thought my knowledge of his habits far exceeded theirs; and all I knew of him was fair and open. Things continued thus for above eighteen months, at the end of which time my eyes were fearfully opened to his vices—he committed a forgery and absconded; though it is probable, had he staid, no injury would have awaited him, for his friends, who were wealthy and powerful, made up the sum for which he had risked so much, and paid it. Grace, it was some time, even then, before I could perfectly win my heart from its idolatry; but it had seen its error, and my mind was made up to overcome such perversity, and I did. Yes, Grace; I knew what it was to feel cherished affections warring against my own convictions of right. You will perhaps say that he had deserted me, and it might be that pride rose superior to neglect and slight; but not so. He did not desert me—he did not slight me; for though all others were ignorant of his destination, I knew whither he had fled, and from thence received a letter full of affection and repentance for past follies. But, Grace, had I forgiven, or rather overlooked his vice (for I did forgive), I never could have placed confidence in him again; so I wrote him once, but that once was to discard him for ever. From that time I busied myself in work, in tending my garden, in assisting my neighbours, and, indeed, in various ways of which I had not thought before. I saw that people approved my conduct, too; every eye greeted me, every tongue welcomed me in joyous tones; and in time my own heart grew joyous, and felt a lightness it had never known till then, even in its wildest moments of affection for the now unworthy. But I did not know the fulness of the happiness I was to reap from that one era of my life till five years had elapsed. During that period, love, your dear father had wooed me, and knowing from all that he was beloved and respected, he won me, although not a fiftieth part so handsome or so engaging in his manner as he of whom I have been speaking. But he soon taught me to love him—I do not mean with the girlish wildness I had loved before—but with an affection which might last through sorrow, sickness, death! as it has done, dear Grace!"

The tears started to the sweet eyes of Grace, and fell thickly upon the little border on which she was so busily plying her needle, as the thought of her fond father passed across her heart, and smote it for its rebellion against her will to whose care he had so solemnly entrusted her on his death-bed. The mother was also silent for a few moments.

"Well, love," she at length resumed, "you were but a few months old when, one day, I was sitting with you in a small arbour in the garden of the dwelling where we then resided. On a sudden I heard the latch of the garden gate raised, and a poor emaciated looking man toiled up the sunny walk. He appeared in the last stage of wretchedness, and sickness seemed to add its heavy load of misery where already there appeared to be an accumulation of ills. I rose with an intention of inquiring into his condition, and relieving him as far as my means would permit; and, taking you in my arms, I stood before him. But, Grace, I suppose that time had not so changed me as it had done him, for he instantly ejaculated my maiden name! Yes, love, you may well drop your work and raise your eyes. It was indeed he whom I had loved, and persisted in loving, in opposition to my parents' judgment. At that moment your father appeared at the door, and when I looked on you and him, contrasted with the wretched mass of filth that shrunk before me, my heart leaped with gratitude to God for teaching me to subdue my own evil passions. Your father had known, before our marriage, all the circumstances concerning him and myself, so that a few words made known to him the cause of the surprise pictured in both our countenances; and to make me love and reverence him still more, that good man relieved his present wants and provided for his future ones. Yes, Grace, your father fed, clothed, and lodged that repentant creature in a neighbouring cottage till he recovered health and strength—nay, more, he concealed his name from all inquiring ears, and not an

eye which had once known could now recognise George May!" "George May, mamma!"

"Yes, love; George May! The same who used to pay us the yearly visit from London, to evince his gratitude for your father's kindness. The same who died in our village of decline seven years after, leaving you the Bible and Prayer-book as the only legacy which could be bestowed by poor, but repentant, George May! But now, dear, it is growing quite dark; I will go and see our evening meal prepared, and when we have taken that, pray to your Maker, and then retire to your pillow." And so Grace did; and the next morning, when she entered the breakfast room, she threw her arms around her mother's neck, and whispered that she had gained the victory; she, too, would try if her mind might not overcome the erring inclinations of her heart.

Yes, and Grace succeeded; and twenty years after, when she saw a daughter of her own growing up, she remembered how mildly her own mother had won her from her folly; and she felt that, to be obeyed by that daughter, she must remember that herself had once been a wild and wilful being, and that it is only by placing our own hearts in the situation of others, that we can hope to influence them by our precepts.

THE AFFAIR OF THE MACREAS,

AN EDINBURGH FIRESIDE STORY.

"THE title of the Affair of the Macreas was that usually given," says General Stewart of Garth, "to a memorable occurrence which took place in Edinburgh in the year 1778." Arthur's Seat, an abrupt and isolated eminence which overlooks the Scottish capital from the south-east, as even our most southerly readers may probably know, was the principal scene of the occurrence in question. In the year mentioned, this hill or height was taken possession of by a strong body of Highland soldiers, who regularly encamped upon it, and held it for several days and nights in the face of the citizens of Edinburgh, and in defiance of all authority, civil and military, in the country. The particulars of this remarkable affair are as follow.

Kenneth Mackenzie, grandson of the Earl of Seaforth, attained for his share in the rebellion of 1715, having repurchased the family estates from the crown, and having been, in 1771, restored to the earldom of Seaforth, was desirous of expressing his gratitude for the favours conferred upon him by his sovereign. In the beginning of the year 1778, he offered to raise a regiment for the public service, from among his own tenantry and followers. The offer was accepted, and the Earl of Seaforth speedily had a body of one thousand one hundred and thirty men ready for military duty, according to his promise. Five hundred of these men were from his lordship's own estates, and the remainder chiefly from the estates of Kilcoy, Applecross, and others belonging to gentlemen of the name of Mackenzie, of which Lord Seaforth was the head. But though the most of this body were Mackenzies, the appellation usually given to the regiment throughout the country was that of the "Macreas," or (as the word is pronounced) the "Macraas," which was the designation of a small and primitive clan that had long followed and lived under the Seaforth family. A number of persons of this name were in the regiment, and hence its general title of the "wild Macraas."

In the month of May, these newly levied troops assembled at Elgin, and marched for Edinburgh. On reaching their destination, they were quartered in the castle and suburbs of the city, and in the course of the month of June were formally embodied, under the denomination of the Seaforth Highlanders, or the seventy-eighth regiment of the line. A finer body of men does not seem to have often presented itself on the like occasions, for the thews and sinews of the whole of the band were found so unexceptionable, that not one man was rejected. For some weeks afterwards, the Seaforth Highlanders were busily engaged in learning the duties of their new vocation, until they were removed, in the month of August, from Edinburgh to Leith, preparatory to embarkation for service. But where was the scene of that service to be? The regiment had been but a short time in Leith, when this question came to be anxiously agitated among them. A degree of mystery seems to have been maintained on this point among the officers and military authorities. The men became suspicious, and would not believe that the Isle of Guernsey, which was spoken of as their destination, was the real quarter whither they were to be conveyed. They, and almost all of the soldiers raised in a similar way from the Highlands, had bound themselves to serve only for a limited period (commonly three years), and had made it a condition that they were not to be sent out of Britain. In fact, having usually their natural chieftains for their colonels, these regiments rather looked upon themselves as having engaged to follow their superiors temporarily to war in the old way, than as having regularly entered the service of the king and government. Hence the strong sensation that was excited among the Seaforth Highlanders when the rumour spread abroad that they were in reality destined for service in the East Indies—in short, that they had been expressly sold to the East India Company by the government and by their own officers. The endeavours of the men to ascertain the truth were far from relieving their fears, or ending satisfactorily. Indeed, the author already quoted, General Stewart of Garth, distinctly says that the

regiment was destined for the East Indies, under the impression that these poor Highlanders were "ignorant, unable to comprehend the nature of their stipulations, and incapable of demanding redress for any breach of contract." This intended violation of compact extended also to an alteration in the amount of "pay, and allowance promised." If this unjustifiable purpose was actually entertained, as there is little reason to doubt it was, the projectors of the scheme met with a disappointment. The "wild Macraas" were not so blind or ignorant as had been imagined. Both in the matter of pay and of service they were determined not to submit to any infringement of their just rights.

The smothered displeasure broke out on the morning of Tuesday the 22d of September, when the regiment marched out to Leith Links, in order to enter the boats which were to convey them to the transports lying in the Roads. A scene of great confusion took place on the Links, which is a large field or green close by Leith, and at a short distance from the shore of the Firth of Forth. When ordered to march to the boats, the dissatisfied Highlanders refused to obey. Their officers endeavoured to soothe them, by promises of answering every just demand, and actually prevailed on about five hundred of the body to move to the sands, and embark. But the remainder, amounting to about six hundred men, were deaf to all remonstrances. Feeling the decisive moment to be come, they were resolute in demanding full satisfaction as to their intended scene of service, before they set foot on board the transports. Compulsion was impossible. The men were a powerful and determined band, amply provided with fire-arms, as well as the means of using them. After a considerable time had been spent in vain discussion, the Highlanders seemed at length to feel the necessity of placing themselves in some position, where they might be able to defend themselves against other troops, if such were called in against them. With this view they left the Links, and marched in regular order to Arthur's Seat, with two plaids fixed on poles instead of colours, and the pipes playing at their head. A great concourse of people attended them on the way. Having reached the hill, they ascended it, and took up their position on and around its top, in proper military order. Sentinels were placed, and every other precaution adopted that men could use, who were resolved not to move from the place until fully satisfied, or ejected by force.

It is scarcely necessary to say that this proceeding created an extraordinary sensation among the inhabitants of Edinburgh. The majority, however, of the citizens, and particularly of the poorer orders, were decidedly favourable to the Highlanders, to whom they soon began to carry provisions in abundance. The mutineers, on their part, showed an equal degree of good will towards the people of the town, and received their visits kindly and gratefully. The authorities resident in the city, civil and military, did not view the matter at all in the same light. Immediately on the occupation of Arthur's Seat by the Highlanders, Sir Adolphus Oughton, K. B., and General Skene, the officers first and second in command of the forces in Scotland, dispatched messengers to all quarters for troops. None of these arrived until the night of Tuesday had been passed by the mutineers, if they ought to be so called, on the hill, which their hardy habits enabled them to do without discomfort, even in the end of September. On Wednesday, a large party of the eleventh regiment of dragoons, a body of two hundred men of the Buccleugh Fencibles, and four hundred of the Glasgow volunteers, arrived in the city. This force seemed sufficient to overpower the Highlanders; but, happily, the commanding officers were disposed to try pacific measures. On the Wednesday, several messages passed between the insurgents and General Skene, and ultimately that officer, accompanied by Lord Macdonald, the Earl of Dunmore, and other noblemen and gentlemen, visited the encampment, and endeavoured to reclaim the men to their duty. The Highlanders received their visitors respectfully, but remained firm in their determination not to yield until fully satisfied that all promises were to be kept with them, both as regarded pay and service. The interview ended unsatisfactorily, and the Macraas spent another night on the hill.

On Thursday, a sudden alarm spread through the city. It was rumoured that the Highlanders had made up their minds to march into the city, either with the view of passing through it, or of seizing upon some sheltered post to entrench themselves in. The dragoons and other troops, it was reported, were to be ready to oppose them. This rumour seems not to have been altogether without foundation, for the authorities issued a placard, early on the Thursday, to the following effect:—"All the inhabitants are to retire to their houses, on the first toll of the fire-bell." Further, however, than regarded the pain of seeing their peaceful streets stained with the blood of countrymen and fellow-creatures, the citizens had little reason to feel uneasiness at this reported movement of the Highlanders, for the latter felt deeply grateful on account of the supplies of food and kindness which they had received at the hands of the people of Edinburgh. But no movement of the kind anticipated took place. On Thursday, General Skene and other parties, including the Duke of Buccleugh, renewed their negotiations with the encamped Macraas, endeavouring to induce them to leave their position, and trust to having all their demands satisfied, on full examination

into them. But the Highlanders would not move, without receiving some pledge, of undeniable validity, that the promises originally made to them would be fulfilled. Another night passed away, and during that interval the authorities came to the resolution of granting the demands of the insurgents. On Friday morning, a bond was drawn up containing the following conditions:—Firstly, a pardon to the Highlanders for all past offences; secondly, all levy-money and arrears due to them to be paid before embarkation; thirdly, that they should not be sent to the East Indies. This bond was signed by the Duke of Buccleugh, the Earl of Dunmore, Sir Adolphus Oughton, and General Skene.

On Friday morning, this document was taken to the encamped Macraes by the Earl of Dunmore. The men now at once gave in, and professed their willingness to leave their position, and submit to the orders that might be given to them. They then formed themselves into marching order, and, with Lord Dunmore at their head, left the hill, with the pipes playing, and a crowd of people following them. On reaching St Anne's Yards, they were met by General Skene, whom they saluted with three cheers. The general formed them into a hollow square, and read the articles of the capitulation. He afterwards addressed a short speech to them, exhorting them to behave well and fulfil their duties. They then received billets, and entered into quarters in the city till their embarkation should take place.

It may surprise the reader, that all this while the officers of the regiment should not have been heard of. But, in reality, it was against these gentlemen that the Arthur's Seat insurgents were most grievously enraged, considering them as the parties who ought to have guarded the common soldiers against any deception. They even charged the officers with keeping back the pay due to them. This disagreement was the more remarkable, as most of these officers were cadets of the leading Mackenzie families, to whom the Seaforth men owed a natural allegiance. The officers were highly displeased at the concessions made to the mutineers. On the evening of Friday, these gentlemen even went so far as to publish in the Edinburgh Advertiser the subjoined statement, which was dated from Lawson's Coffee-house, Leith, and was signed "The officers of the 78th regiment." This advertisement said, "As we conceive the terms granted this day to the mutineers of the 78th regiment to be totally inconsistent with the future discipline of the corps, and highly injurious to our characters as officers, we think ourselves bound to take this first opportunity of publicly declaring, that it was transacted without our advice, and against our opinion. We understand Lord Dunmore was the principal agent on this occasion; we therefore think it necessary also to declare, that he was never desired to interfere by any officer in the regiment, and, we believe, acted without any authority whatever." This effusion of spleen, which, most assuredly, would have got its authors cashiered in later days, was not noticed by the commander-in-chief, or the nobleman who, in conjunction with him, had been the instrument of restoring the mutineers to their duty. On the Saturday, Sir Adolphus Oughton caused a military court of inquiry to sit in the Canongate council-house, where the soldiers were called forward to state any complaints they thought themselves entitled to make against their officers. The issue of this inquiry was, that the court considered no foundation to exist for complaints against the officers on the score of pay or arrears; and declared, moreover, that "the cause of the retiring to Arthur's Hill was from an idle and ill-founded report that the regiment was sold to the East India Company, and that the officers were to leave them on their being embarked on board the transports."

Lord Seaforth, the colonel of the regiment, and on the spot at the time, appears to have sided with the officers, and to have been deeply irritated at the resolute conduct of his clansmen. A report having spread abroad that his lordship had been compelled, on the day of the tumult at Leith, to beg his life on his knees from the enraged soldiers, he published a letter declaring that this was an entire falsehood, that the certainty of immediate death would not have procured from him so humiliating a concession, and that he never had any apprehension for his personal safety during the whole affair. However this may be, the mutiny certainly caused a change at least in his lordship's sentiments and intentions. He had never evinced any disposition to go with the corps; but now, when the matter was settled as has been mentioned, he announced his design to accompany the regiment. On Tuesday morning, September 29th, the band who had created this extraordinary disturbance, assembled, according to orders, in front of Holyrood Palace, and, with the Earl of Seaforth and General Skene at their head, marched to Leith, where, in presence of an immense multitude, they went on board the transports with the utmost alacrity and cheerfulness. Immediately afterwards, the vessels set sail for Guernsey, which, being included among the British Isles, was a place to which they might be carried without infraction of the compact made with them.

Thus ended the affair of the Macraes, which, as may be supposed from its nature, was not soon forgotten by the firebrands of Edinburgh. Most unprejudiced people agreed at the time in regarding it as a noble and spirited instance of resistance to injustice; as there could be little doubt that the government had determined to

send these men to the East Indies, in violation of the compact of enlistment. The poor Highlanders might not be actually sold to the East India Company, nor might it be intended that their officers should desert them, but the design to send them out of the kingdom can scarcely be doubted or denied. The very fact that no man was brought to trial, or even confined on account of this mutiny, proves that the matter would not stand investigation before the eye of the country. The encampment, therefore, of the Macraes on Arthur's Seat, is to be regarded as, on their part, an exhibition of manliness as honourable to them, as the cause of it was dishonourable to others.

The Seaforth Highlanders, or 78th foot, remained for some time at Guernsey and Jersey, until, having satisfied themselves that they were not to be sold to the East India Company, they voluntarily offered to go abroad. Having removed to Portsmouth, they, on the 1st of May 1781, embarked for the East Indies, whither their chief accompanied them. They served their country bravely in that region, and afterwards in many other quarters of the globe. They still exist as a regiment of the line, though their number was changed, in 1786, from the 78th to the 72d, by which title they are now known.

THE ATHENS OF AMERICA.

Of all the American cities, there is none, perhaps, which makes a nearer approach to European sympathies, than Boston, the capital of Massachusetts. This city is less merely mercantile than its neighbours, though still not inconsiderably so. The struggle for the grosser elements of human comfort is here less intense. There is here more leisure for all that gives refinement and elegance. Perhaps, also, the English character is here preserved better—some of its features are seen in more primitive purity, as for instance its indomitable attachment to free institutions. To this cause it must have been owing that the war of independence first broke out here, and that a large proportion of the highest men in that struggle were Bostonians, as Adams, Quincy, Warren, Hancock, the Otises, and Knox. The distinction of the city, in a literary point of view, at the present day, is shown not less expressively in the large proportion which belongs to it of the American authors whose names are known in England—Webster, Channing, the Everetts, Sparks, Sprague, Pierpont, Willis, Mrs Child, Dewey, and Wayland, being all of them natives of Boston. As another expressive proof of the diffusion of a literary spirit in the capital of Massachusetts, we may remind our readers of the *Boston Book*, recently noticed in this paper, a kind of album composed of contributions from eighty writers in Boston, men of all ranks and professions. Perhaps there is no other city in the world which could show so numerous a list of literary names, in proportion to the sum total of its inhabitants, which is 80,000.

Considering these circumstances, we have thought it worth while to give in this place a few particulars respecting Boston in its literary and educational character. They are supplied by a distinguished native, whom we recently had the pleasure of seeing in this country:—

Much of the intellectual precedence of Boston is to be traced to its Common Schools. These are not charitable foundations, as the name might seem to imply. They are the result of one of the first legislative provisions made by the new colonies. Those of Boston have always been distinguished for good management and for abundance of produce. A large part of the great men that city has produced, have been first educated at these humble seminaries, which, though alike open to all classes—being sustained by a tax instituted for the purpose, and levied fairly on all classes—no class has ever manifested any fastidious or aristocratic disinclination to countenance and encourage to the fullest extent. True, they do not go far enough for all, and hence an abundance of seminaries of higher rank, for which also Boston is distinguished. Still, the great boast and bulwark of the city has always been its common schools. A dinner or festival on account of these institutions is given annually in a famous public edifice, called Faneuil Hall, much endeared to the citizens by historical associations, and well hung round with portraits of the great characters connected with their annals, at the head of whom are Washington and Adams. To this dinner, which is regulated by the city governor, are invited the various functionaries and dignitaries of that place and vicinity, the president and professors of the university at Cambridge (three miles distant), the governor and other officers of the state, clergymen of all sects, distinguished political personages of the different parties, and all strangers of distinction, of whom at this season (summer) there is generally a considerable number from the south and west in the city. And to this festival we find are invited all the boys to whom prizes have been awarded at the various schools subsequent to the periodical and public examination they sustain on the morning of the day when the dinner is given. A moderate and cheerful meal is taken at a not unreasonable hour, and then sentiments, and speeches, and odes and songs, suited to the occasion, are expected from parties qualified and invited thus

to contribute to the spirit of the occasion. The first men in the United States have often attended at this board. Mr Webster, himself a Bostonian, but claimed by all Americans as common property, and generally looked upon as their future president, has made some of his best addresses in this hall. Mr Everett, now governor of the state, but much more distinguished as one of the leading popular orators, scholars, and writers of his country, has appeared there of late by virtue of his office, as formerly he did by that of his prize. These are gratifying details, and throw a strong light on the character of the Bostonians. It will be interesting to add, in order to show that this spirit is neither dying away, nor confined within any municipal limits, that within two years the legislature of Massachusetts has established a regular Board of Education, the seat of which is in Boston, the chairman Governor Everett, while some of the most eminent citizens of the state are members. This board is to attend exclusively to the Common Schools. Their office is no sinecure, but the members serve without salaries. The secretary alone receives the sum of one thousand dollars—something over £200—for his time and labour; and it is worthy of remark, that the gentleman who has accepted this office is a most conspicuous lawyer, a member of the Boston bar, and who, at the time of his appointment, held, by election, the very honourable station of president of the senate of the state!

The periodical press of Boston is, as might be expected, in a flourishing state. Our information on this subject is not complete; but we know that there are ten or twelve daily newspapers in the city, if not more. Of these papers the majority may be considered well-established and rather profitable concerns—quite as much so as the average of daily papers, we should say—though certainly not on so large a scale of operation as those in London; neither is the circulation of each or any of this *dosen* equal to that of any, perhaps, of the London *ten*—for there are no more in the "Great Metropolis" itself. These sheets are of the ordinary size, if we except two or three. One of the latter is a very popular evening journal, the Transcript, the size of which is so small as to give it, together with its great neatness, a miniatural and curious air, which has doubtless contributed to its reputation. The price of this paper is four dollars per annum; that is, for three hundred numbers, which makes the cost of each about one cent and a quarter, or from two to three farthings. There are one or two cheap papers hawked about the streets, containing about as much matter, and conducted with respectable ability, at the rate of one cent each. This is a recent innovation on the regular press at Boston, as it is still more at New York, where one of these cheap papers is said to have a circulation of 30,000 a-day. With this exception, the newspaper press is supported by *subscriptions*, never for less, we believe, than three months. The larger papers among the dozen we have named, cost generally eight dollars yearly: we know of none above ten dollars, which is the price of the Courier and other journals of immense size at New York. In Boston, we must add before dismissing the subject, there is quite a corresponding proportion of journals published less frequently: of semi-weeklies, tri-weeklies, weeklies, semi-monthlies, and monthlies (several each), as well as a highly respectable magazine, the Christian Examiner, which is issued every two months, and another, still better known, the North American Review, every three. A second Quarterly Review has lately, we perceive, been added to this. The number of daily papers, we believe, is not so great in either New York or Philadelphia. Certainly it sustains no proportion to the much greater population of those places. In Boston, a householder hardly thinks himself able to sit down to his breakfast without "the news;" and it is no caricature to say that we have ourselves seen some of the more decent and well-established apple-vendors and candy-women regularly provided with a daily paper—not borrowed, but subscribed for—at their humble stalls under the old trees round "Boston Common." So much for cheap publications, and an universal availability and disposition to read, in this American city.

Perhaps the prevalence in Boston of lecturing on matters connected with science and literature, forms its most notable feature as an intellectual city. All lecture, or hear lectures. In this lies, indeed, the grand amusement of the city. About the middle or end of October, the lecturing campaign, as it may be called, begins; and then, for four or five months, Boston resembles the *Aine* so beautifully described by Virgil; such is the universal, and hearty, and steady, but quiet interest taken by all classes in those half-social half-literary and scientific pursuits, which may be considered at once the business and the amusement of the season. We have seen a list of the popular societies of Boston which have courses of lectures, or debates, or both, with sometimes other exercises and exhibitions of like tendency and intention; and this catalogue, could we repeat it here, would be a curiosity. To state the number at a dozen, we are sensible would be falling much short of the mark. There is the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, the Natural History Society, the Boston Lyceum, the Hanover Lyceum, the Mechanics' Charitable Association, the Mechanics' Lyceum, the Franklin Debating Society, &c. &c. Of the first-named of these, Mr Webster is president. It gives weekly lectures by the most eminent scholars

of the country, in a hall which accommodates about one thousand persons, and never fails to be full. The Boston Lyceum, which has existed some ten years, does the same with from two thousand to three thousand, in a great edifice reconstructed for these purposes out of what was once the principal theatre in the city. And so on with the rest. Thus large audiences may be entertained on the same evening in the various halls. Some prefer one course, and some another; and a person may have one or two lectures, if he chooses, each evening of the week, Sunday excepted. The rich and fashionable attend quite as much as any other class; but there is always seen at these lectures an immense number of young men, clerks, and others, many of them from the country. These persons, for about a dollar (four shillings and threepence), find themselves able to attend a course of sixteen or eighteen lectures and debates, and moreover to take any two young ladies of their acquaintance with them, which it is much the fashion to do. The social, moral, and intellectual effects of this system—setting aside all direct literary consideration—can hardly be overrated. We have never seen a spectacle so truly exhilarating as the Boston "Odeon" (the old theatre), well filled in all its galleries and aisles—stage and all—with an animated, well-dressed, quiet audience, of some twenty-five hundred persons, patiently awaiting for half an hour the commencement of a lecture—some distinguished stranger it may be, some eminent citizen, or possibly some not yet eminent but youthful and promising member of the institution itself, whose rising talent it is the generous and noble policy at once of the officers and of the public to encourage. We have heard Webster, the Everetts, Sparks, Dewey, Pierpont, Barber, Spurzheim, the professors of the neighbouring university, the candidates for the presidency, the governors of the state, the distinguished clergymen of every denomination, all and often on these occasions. The reputation of the city, indeed, attracts popular talent from all quarters, and in every department, for the good reason that it finds there a genial reception, and a just and generous reward. Such a community deserves also the happiness and the multifold benefits which it must reap from the system it pursues. It deserves its pre-eminence, its high reputation, its good order, its freedom from poverty and crime. Would that the example, both of its condition and of the causes of it, might incite other communities to like liberality, energy, and true wisdom and thrift!

THE OLD LETTER-WRITER OF PARIS.*

AMONG the monuments and memorials of old times and manners still existing in Paris, the *Palais de Justice* (palace of justice) contains beneath its vast roof some of the most interesting and best preserved. This remark applies, in especial, to the beings called Public Writers, who have for ages clung around the establishment in question, and who still adhere to its sides, pent up in their little glass stalls, like oysters to their rocks. For the benefit of those unacquainted with such matters, it is to be observed, that in Paris, as well as in Naples, and many other cities, where a considerable portion of the community cannot boast even of the elements of education, there is an order of persons who live by writing and reading letters, drawing up petitions, and performing the like services for those who are unable to act in these matters for themselves. The Public Writer of the *Palais de Justice* is not remarkable merely as belonging to this class; for in Paris the trade is common, and its professors numerous. But the Public Writer particularly alluded to does not push himself before the public as his modernised brethren do, nor does he seek to attract attention by the exhibition of wonderful specimens of calligraphy—such as a satire of Boileau enclosed in a fiery heart pierced by an arrow, or a sermon of Massillon inscribed within the compass of a copper coin, or a history of Napoleon inclosable in a nut-shell. No placards with "English spoken here" upon them, indicate the pretensions of the Public Writer of the *Palais de Justice* to the character of an able translator, as they do on the doors of many of his more ostentatious fellows. He keeps his little dusky stall in peace and retirement, as his predecessors have done for centuries, and it is for his preservation of all the antique features of his tribe, that he is an especial object of interest.

My acquaintance with this living memento of other days arose, a number of years ago, out of some rather peculiar circumstances. I was then the assiduous and devoted admirer of a certain lady, the register of whose birth I became anxious to see, partly with the view of assuring myself of her own veracity, and partly with the intention of putting a stop to the remarks and epigrams which various good-natured friends of mine were in the habit of giving vent to on this particular point. Within the precincts of the *Palais de Justice* are kept the registers of births, and thither accordingly I bent my steps. I readily found the register-office I sought, and made my business

known to the head clerk of the place, giving him at full length the name and surname of the party alluded to, and pointing out a period eighteen years back as the best indication I could give to guide the search in question. It is needless to say that I here went upon the authority of the lady herself, and not on that of my bantering friends, who made out that her age was forty at least. The clerk laughed outright when he heard my directions, and remarked, that if all who came to the office had no more explicit instructions to give than mine, it would cost a day to make each individual extract. "We cannot spare time to make the search," continued he, "but you may do it for yourself; or, if you choose to pay a small sum, you may find a person who will do it for you." I expressed my readiness to take the latter step, when he immediately directed me to a little stall, a few steps off, where I would find a person for my purpose. I followed his advice, and soon found myself in the presence of one of the old Public Writers of the *Palais de Justice*.

The office of this personage is deserving of description. It was one of two or three small sheds, laid slopingly to the walls of the Palais, and could not be more than six feet long by four wide in the interior. A large part of the outside was glazed, and the proceedings in the inside were hid from the public eye by a green baize curtain, thickly spotted with ink. A desk, supported upon a table, or rather a plank, and two old and fearfully worn chairs, composed the furniture of the stall. On one of the chairs sat the presiding genius of the place, with a small portable fire-grate before him, on which, at the moment, a herring was undergoing the process of cookery, through the help of a rusty black pair of tongs. The oil of the fish was dropping into the embers, and emitting an insupportable smell. The preparer of this delectable dish was a man seemingly about sixty years of age, dressed in threadbare garments of the olden fashion. His countenance was good, and a mingled air of gravity and fun was perceptible in its expression. The most remarkable feature in his physiognomy was the sloping character of his nose and brow, which formed one continuous inclined plane, the length of which was greatly extended by his combed-back hair, terminating behind in one thick queue. What with nose, brow, and hair, the head very much resembled a sugar-loaf. There was, on the whole, a strange mixture of respectability and wretchedness in the appearance of M. Fabry, which was the name of this specimen of the ancient class of public writers, as I afterwards ascertained. I was not long in making my request known to this personage, who, with the most polished courtesy, expressed his willingness to undertake the commission, but informed me that some time would be required to procure the register-books and execute it. Throwing down a louis on the table, I departed, promising to return on the morrow for an answer to my inquiries.

Next day, when I returned at the appointed hour, M. Fabry was alone, and by the increased colour on his cheek, and the fire in his eye, I concluded that the louis had already procured him some of the passing comforts of life. On the desk beside him lay a folded paper, which I conjectured to be the treasure I sought. I stretched out my hand eagerly to seize it, but M. Fabry anticipated my act, and said solemnly, "To what purpose, young man, do you destine this document which you have made me extract?" "What matters this to you?" said I hastily; "are you not sufficiently paid?" "It is because I am too well paid," replied he, "that I make this inquiry. You cannot have fallen heir to this lady, otherwise you would probably be in mourning. I fear, therefore, that you seek this extract with some evil design." I answered angrily that there was no such purpose in my thoughts. "Young man," he returned, "your trembling hand betrays you. I beseech you, if the suspicion I have expressed be correct, to have patience at least till to-morrow, and get this extract from some other hand than mine. For the repose of my few remaining days, I entreat you not to make me again the blind instrument of some act of vengeance!" Struck by his serious tone, and incited by curiosity, I asked him if he had to repent of some culpable act of his life, assuring him, at the same time, that in my case he could have no room for any regret.

"My life," said M. Fabry, "has been all spent in this little place, and yet this has been a more favourable scene for acquiring a knowledge of the human heart, than any other, perhaps, that could be pointed out. This place is to me full of remembrances of all kinds—of mirth, misery, and crime." The speaker fell for some moments into a reverie, which I did not break in upon. "Poor young man," resumed he at length, as if soliloquising upon some recollected incident, "poor young man, there he stood, a few paces from my door, trembling with hope, joy, and love, while a beautiful girl entered stealthily into my presence, and dictated to me these few words, 'This evening, at six, in the alley de Berry.' Oh, how I hastened to pen these sweet words, almost participating in the rapture which they were to give to the youth without. The girl got the line, issued, and I saw her slip it furtively into the hands of the young man, when each stole away by their own side." "Well! what happened?" said I, for M. Fabry had stopped. "It happened," continued he gravely, raising his head, "that the next morning the young man was found in the alley de Berry, robbed and murdered; it happened that I had been the instrument of entrapping and leading a poor youth to assassination." "It was frightful," ejaculated I. "Yes,"

rejoined M. Fabry more cheerfully, "but all the associations of this place are not of so terrible a character. On the contrary, most of them are of the mirthful, the pleasing, or, it may be, the ridiculous cast. For the convenience of the damsels of the street St Denis, in their communications with the young shopmen and tradesmen around, I have copied the New Eloisa twenty times over. And then my poetry: I flatter myself it is of the most ingenious sort. Some of my fellow-writers have a hundred copies of verses, to suit all occasions. I have but one copy of verses, for my part, and yet, with a very little change, it suits all occasions as well as theirs. Suppose a son wishes to address a father on his birth-day. Thus runs the commencement of the verse:—

'Accept, on this most loved of days,
The homage which a son now pays.'

And so on. Suppose a daughter is the addressing party, then all the change required is,

'The homage which a daughter pays.'

Or if a brother,

'The homage which a brother pays.'

If a king is to be addressed by his subjects, the verse still answers the demand,

'The homage which your people pays.'

M. Fabry paused, and appeared to be much pleased when I commended the universal utility of his verses. He had warmed with his subject, and continued to describe to me how many petitions he had drawn up, how many public defaulters he had been instrumental in denouncing, and various others of his professional feats. "But there is one portion of a public writer's practice more productive of profit than any other, though God forbid that I should ever pursue it. Every line is paid with gold, yet I would rather have my hand cut off than that it should gain a coin in this way!" "To what do you allude?" said I, rather surprised at his earnest vehemence of tone. "To anonymous letter-writing," returned he. "By the hands of those of my calling, most commonly are the secret shafts launched which pierce and rankle in the bosom of society. Oh, sir, beware of anonymous letters! Read them not; cast them from you. For even when sent in sport, their consequences are often horrible. Listen to what fell under my own eye. Some years ago, Juan de Varre, a young advocate of high promise, espoused Eliza d'Arnoùle. The pair were tenderly attached to each other, though their characters were somewhat different, Juan's being calm, grave, and firm, while his wife was of ardent temperament and quick feelings. M. d'Arnoùle, his father-in-law, thought that Juan paid too constant attention to the duties of his profession, to the exclusion of all social pleasures; and on one occasion was particularly pressing in his wish that the young advocate and his wife should go to a masked ball, which was to take place in the city. Juan excused himself, on the score that he was under the necessity of going to plead a cause at Senlis on that day. When M. d'Arnoùle turned to his daughter, he found her also indisposed to go, through deference for her husband's wishes. Piqued at this, M. d'Arnoùle laid a plot for bringing his daughter and Juan to the masquerade in spite of themselves.

He came to me," continued M. Fabry, "and requested me to write two letters, the one to Juan, informing him that his wife was going to the ball to meet another person, although she had shown no desire to go with her husband; and the other was addressed to his daughter, containing the information that Juan's business at Senlis was a deception, and that he was going to the ball, to fulfil an appointment with a black domino, bearing on her arm bracelets tied with blue ribbon. These letters were sent off unsigned. The consequence was, that, when the hour came, the young wife, concealed under a mask of the kind described, rushed to the scene of the masquerade, her bosom in a whirl of conflicting emotions. The bacchanalian licence of the scene almost frightened her into retreat, but while she stood apart, a figure masked and cloaked passed her. It was the very air, gait, and person of her husband. 'Is it you, Juan?' she whispered. 'Yes, it is I,' said the mask, in similar tones. These words convinced the young wife that the information given to her was correct, and that her husband now mistook her for the person whose dress she wore, and whom he had come to meet. Though every word uttered by the masked figure cut her to the very heart, she, taking the speaker for her husband, encouraged his attentions, in the burning desire to know the whole depth of his perfidy. Shortly, however, she felt herself sick at heart; she could not sustain the character of an impostor, and hastened away from the odious scene. On issuing from the gateway, a pale and awful figure stood there, in the full light of the lamp; a figure without a mask; the figure of Juan. The wretched young wife saw him, uttered a dreadful and appalling shriek, and fell prostrate at his feet! Juan scarcely looked at her, but sprang over her body, and stood front to front with the masked figure who had followed her steps. Few words passed between them. They retired a short way aside, drew their swords, and in a few minutes the unknown personator of Juan fell lifeless on the ground.

M. d'Arnoùle was the first person who found his daughter where she had fallen. The unhappy lady was conveyed to her home, and restored to life, but never again to reason. She yet lives, indeed—lives to be a fire of perpetual remorse to her father, and an object of undying pity to Juan, who learnt the whole story of the two letters from myself. Behold, young

* We have translated this graphic sketch from a French work, entitled "The Book of the Hundred and One."

man," said M. Fabry, in conclusion, "behold one instance of the results of anonymous letters, written with innocent intentions?"

M. Fabry had held my paper in his hand all this while, and he now gave it to me. After this, he fell into a musing state, from which I did not attempt to arouse him. I bade him good evening, and took my way homewards, so much occupied with the thoughts of what I had just heard, that my own trifling matter of inquiry was entirely forgotten; and from that day to this, I never hear of an anonymous letter without having brought to my recollection the admonition of the Old Letter-Writer of Paris.

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

MAYENCE, WORMS, MANNHEIM, AND HEIDELBERG.

WE have now reached Mayence, and after a lengthened navigation up the lower and middle divisions of the Rhine, landed on a broad and generally level district, bounded in the extreme distance with lines of hills, and constituting what may be termed the upper platform of Germany. We are now in the midst of a number of small principalities or dukedoms, which, thirty years ago, formed the Confederation of the Rhine, and are at present, with their respective sub-sovereignities, integral parts of the German empire.

The situation of Mayence, close upon the left bank of the Rhine, at a short distance below the spot where the Maine falls into the right side of that river, is both agreeable and suitable for an entrepôt of commerce; but, as in the case of Cologne and Coblenz, the town labours under the cankering evil of a military system of things, and is consequently deprived in a great measure of its natural advantages. The history of Mayence resembles that of every town on the Rhine—originally begun by Romans in the first century—taken by Germans—falls into the hands of the Frankish kings—becomes a temporal principality of archbishops—these succeeded by dukes—now a city of Hesse Darmstadt, and a garrison of the German confederation, for protection of the left bank of the Rhine. The town, which contains 31,000 inhabitants, is environed with strong fortifications, and, according to custom, the Rhine is all but shut out and prevented from serving the purposes of commerce, in consequence of erections along the edge of the water. The accommodation for river craft is on the same trifling scale as at Coblenz. In the interior of the town there are several good streets and places, with various indications of improvement, but most of the best houses have strongly stanchioned windows, and in almost every street we see a barrack of soldiers. The garrison is composed of the troops of two nations, Prussia and Austria; the former are, as usual, a smart body of men in blue uniforms, while the Austrians, in their dirty white dresses and mustachoeed countenances, seemed to us as ill-favoured a set of men as could well be conceived. How melancholy is the reflection, that the place whence the glorious art of printing emanated and spread over the civilised world, every where enlightening and freeing from oppression, should itself be still surrounded, and literally crammed, with emblems of violence!

Notwithstanding the uncomfortable condition of the streets, we spent a day by no means unpleasantly in exploring the antiquities and principal public buildings of the city. First of all, in the course of our rambles, we sought out the spot where Guttenberg had lived when he set up his first printing-press. This we found in a narrow crooked alley, environed with tall massive stone buildings, one of which, a casino or club-house, now occupies the site of Guttenberg's dwelling. Nothing, therefore, remains at the place to satisfy the curiosity of strangers, and we proceeded to the neighbouring market-place, where the statue of Guttenberg has been erected by the munificence of the citizens and others. This object greatly disappointed our expectations. It is a clumsy gigantic figure in bronze, cast by Crozatier of Paris, from a model by Thorwaldsen, and stands on a pedestal of some ten or twelve feet in height. Perhaps it may be reckoned a sort of crime to find fault with any thing done by a great name, but I must in justice confess, that a coarser or more tasteless work of art never came under my observation. From viewing this very poor object, we adjourned to the Cathedral, which stands behind, on the same side of the market-place, and is a handsome old edifice of red sandstone. In 1793, it was bombarded by the Prussians, and made a forage-magazine for their horses, but has since been completely cleaned and restored in those parts which were destroyed. The marks of the balls fired against it are visible on the great folding

doors next the market-place. These doors are of solid brass, and, besides being of an imposing height, are remarkable for being covered with ancient and scarcely legible inscriptions, which I was told are charters of privileges given to the town by one of its archbishops. The interior of the building contains a number of fine old carved monuments, and has several altars with embellishments of the usual kind.

The most beautiful of all the sights at Mayence is that of the Rhine, which fortunately no institutional arrangements can destroy. From the lofty windows of the hotels in the exterior street, the river is seen flowing past with a breadth and majesty of appearance apparently as great as at Cologne. Opposite the centre of the town, there is a platform bridge resting on forty-seven barges moored in an even line in the water, and nearly in the same situation as a stone bridge built by Drusus, the Roman general, but long since destroyed. By the bridge of boats a ready communication is kept up with Nassau, Frankfurt, and all other places on the right side of the Rhine. The wide and flat vale through which the Rhine winds its course before it passes Mayence, is fertile, and well clothed with woods, vines, and hop plants, as far as the eye can reach; and through this richly decorated district, the river, diminishing as we ascend, may be traced to Worms, Mannheim, and other towns on its course. Rising among the mountains of Switzerland, and gathering accessions to its magnitude as it advances, the Rhine pursues a course—generally towards the north-east—of about nine hundred miles in length, upwards of six hundred of which afford an uninterrupted navigation. At Mayence, the larger class of steamers cease to ply, and others of a smaller kind are used for ascending to a point near Strasburg, where water conveyance terminates.

Taking a private land conveyance from Mayence, our little party set off on an excursion through the interesting tract of country lying immediately beyond that city, comprehending a portion of the territories of Hesse Darmstadt, Baden, and Bavaria, it being our intention to return by Frankfurt and Nassau. In making this agreeable round, which was calculated to show us the appearance of things in these small German states, the first place of any moment we touched at was Worms, a town of singularly ancient and decayed appearance. Worms is situated on the left bank of the Rhine, in the midst of a flat and fertile region, chiefly devoted to the cultivation of the vine, and celebrated in the lyrics of the old German poets or Minnesingers, as the Wonnegau, or land of joy. In the middle ages, Worms was a populous city of considerable note, and is famed in history as the seat of a number of diets of the German empire, at one of which, presided over by Charles V., in 1521, Luther appeared to answer for the propagation of what were called his heretical doctrines. Since these its days of greatness, Worms has sunk into the condition of a small country town, though yet possessing a certain dignity in its melancholy decay. The greatest blow which fell upon it, was the bombardment by the French in 1690, when a vast number of its houses were destroyed, and their situation is now marked by vine gardens within walled enclosures. The interior of the town consists of a single good street, lined with tall mansions inhabited by persons of an inferior order, and a number of back lanes and detached buildings, many of them vacant and desolate in their aspect. In a piece of open ground behind the main street stands the Cathedral, a building of red sandstone, and dating its foundation as far back as the beginning of the eleventh century. The original part of the edifice is in the Gothic style, but the larger portion, which appears more modern, is of the remarkable style of architecture called the Byzantine, the interior arches being all rounded, and the pinnacles and dome fretted in the Moorish taste. The building contains a number of excellent pieces of sculpture, and the high altar at the east end is environed with ancient carvings in oak, which it would be worth any young artist's trouble to visit, even from Great Britain.

From Worms we proceeded onward to Mannheim, which we reached in about two hours. Mannheim is one of the prettiest towns in Germany, and occupies a delightful situation on the right bank of the Rhine, which we crossed by a bridge of boats. We see here no confinement within walls, no dirty, narrow lanes, and none of that generally poverty-stricken appearance which meets us at every turn in the towns we have passed through. Mannheim consists of a series of pleasant open streets, crossing each other at right angles; the houses clean, of dazzling whiteness, and only three stories in height. There are also several large squares,

surrounded with buildings of a superior order, and on one of the sides of the town near the Rhine, stands the palace, a structure of extraordinary extent and magnificence. Mannheim, though not the capital, is the principal city in the dukedom of Baden. Before its annexation to this power in 1802, it was the capital of the palatinate, a state now merged in the adjoining principalities. The town has been built almost entirely within the last century. In the present day, it is thriving apace, both as a place of residence for a respectable population, among whom are two or three hundred English, and as a seat of manufactures. The general society of the town is said to be excellent; a spirit of perfect toleration prevails, and the cost of living is exceedingly moderate. At the time of our visit, the price of bread was about a penny, and beef threepence, a-pound; consequently, the charges for other things, the produce or manufacture of the district, were in proportion; yet, we were told, there are cheaper places of living in this quarter of Germany than Mannheim, but I should hardly think possessing superior attractions in other respects. In the environs of the town there are some pleasant walks, both on the banks of the Rhine, and on the left bank of the Neckar, a river which falls into the Rhine a short way below Mannheim. The palace, which we were conducted over, is of modern architecture, having been built by Karl Philip, Elector Palatine, in 1720, when he removed his court from Heidelberg. It is in the form of a centre and wings with façades, covering a large space of ground, and containing altogether 443 apartments; one wing remains in the condition of a blackened ruin since the bombardment by the Austrians in 1795. A long suite of rooms, fronting a beautiful lawn overlooking the Rhine, forms the residence of the grand-duchess Stephanie, whose amiable manners shed a lustre over the society of the town. From the rooms devoted to this lady's court, we went through a series of galleries containing a collection of pictures, to which no traveller, as far as I am aware, has done justice. The peculiarity of the collection consists not in its boasting of many chef-d'œuvres of great masters, but in the excellence of pieces by painters of generally inferior celebrity. Judgment, not name, has guided the choice, and we accordingly find a number of pictures done with exquisite skill. The best are by Berghem, Spranger, Le Seur, Guido, Reni, Cuypp; Peters, a sea storm; Roos, cattle; Murillo, satyr and peasant; Teniers, boors drinking and dancing; Everdingen, rocky landscape; Wouvermanns, warlike rapine; Mayer, landscape with cattle; Rembrandt, Christ before Pilate, and Christ writing on the floor; Tinteretto, Crucifixion; Ruysdael, landscape; and, lastly, Houderotter, birds. These, however, are a mere scantling of this finely selected collection, which no description can convey a correct idea of. Adjoining is a gallery of casts, forming a studio for young artists. On the lower floor of one of the wings of the palace is an extensive museum of objects illustrative of natural history, and is particularly rich in fossils, stones, minerals, and petrifications; an exterior arcade is filled with ancient Roman stones.

Having gratified ourselves with a visit to all that was interesting in this neat German town, the place to which we next directed our route was Schweitzingen, once a seat of the electors palatine, and now belonging to the grand-duke of Baden. Schweitzingen consists of a quiet and rather pretty village, with a stately old whitewashed chateau at the head of its principal street, and behind which are spread out a series of extensive gardens and pleasure-grounds, in the formal French style of a past era. The designer was the famous Le Nôtre, who, under the auspices of Louis XIV., laid out the garden of Versailles, to which the present bears a marked resemblance. On entering by the portal at the chateau, the eye at once embraces the interior of the principal garden, disposed over an extensive flat, with basins from which leaden figures are busy spouting water, marble statues, trim even walks, and parterres of flowers, the whole bounded by close-cut hedges and lofty trees planted in lines, so as to form long and imposing avenues. Penetrating among the hedge-alleys, we are conducted from one curiosity to another, artificial grottoes, rocks and waterfalls, ruins of the temple of Mercury, the temple of Minerva, the bird's fountain, bath-house, a mosque, and so forth—all in a state of good preservation, and looking as if only lately come from under the hands of the designer. Yet, how dull and melancholy is the scene! The sun shines brightly overhead, the flowers bloom, the jets of water play, and all is kept as trim as if the elector palatine still held court in the adjoining chateau; but except a passing stranger, moved by curiosity, there is no one to witness the exhibition; the show is without spectators, and the whole mechanism seems to subsist only as a preserved specimen of what used to delight courtiers of the ancient regime. The gardens, and all the oddities about them, were begun to be constructed in 1743, by the direction of the Elector Charles Theodore, and required twenty years to finish. The vast sums which must have been expended in completing the work, it is impossible to calculate—and all to produce a toy, which is now thrown aside and forgotten.

Schweitzingen lies nine miles south from Mannheim, and at a similar distance west from Heidelberg, to which we now traced our way. The roads in Baden are as excellent as they are in Prussia, being macadamised in the usual manner; and by an easy drive of an hour and a half, we reached the valley of the Neckar early in the evening, while still sufficient light remained to show us the magnificent ruined pile known in history

and romance as the Castle of Heidelberg. The town of Heidelberg, one of the oldest in Germany, occupies a confined situation in the valley of the Neckar, just within the range of mountains called the Odenwald, which forms the eastern boundary of the wide flat vale of the Upper Rhine, through which our route has lain. From the left bank of the Neckar, the streets and lanes of the town stretch upwards on the base of a hill, on which, over all, in the midst of masses of foliage, stand the ruins of the castle, majestic even in their shattered decay. The valley of the Neckar, at this its opening, though not wide or picturesque, offers a scene of much beauty. Immediately opposite the side on which Heidelberg stands, rises a hill which is covered to the summit with vine gardens, and at the foot is ornamented with several handsome villas, somewhat in the English style. From between the hills on both sides, the Neckar, a stream navigable for small vessels and rafts, is seen to issue after a long serpentine course, and on gaining the open country pursues its way to the Rhine. At Heidelberg it is crossed by a stone bridge of six or seven arches, and from the farther extremity of which the most picturesque view of the castle is to be obtained.

The town of Heidelberg is long and straggling, consisting of tall antique stone buildings, with moss-grown tiled roofs. Some of the edifices are embellished in front with variously carved figures and inscriptions, having survived the general destruction to which the town has at different times submitted from the hands of warlike assailants. At present, the population amounts to about 13,000. The town has been long noted as the seat of a university, which, since the district came under the jurisdiction of Baden, has been munificently endowed by the grand-duke and his legislative assembly. The university has nevertheless declined in prosperity, in consequence of an attempt on the part of the students, a few years ago, to revolutionise Germany. The institution forthwith incurred the displeasure of Prussia; and by a law now in force, no youth from the Prussian dominions is permitted to study at the university of Heidelberg. As a transient visitor of the town, I am of course unable to pronounce any opinion either on the character of the instruction communicated, or on the qualifications of the professors; as for the students, their loud yellings in the street during most part of the night, formed, as we thought, a sufficient testimony of their wildness, without at all taking into account the slovenliness and general recklessness of their appearance. It is not the burschen of Heidelberg who are to be the regenerators of constitutional government in the wide bounds of modern Germany.

The chief object of interest which came under our notice in exploring the ancient streets of Heidelberg, was the church of St Peter, an old and handsome Gothic structure standing in the open market-place. It was neither, however, the appearance nor the antiquity of the edifice that gave it an interest in our eyes, but the event in history of which it had been the scene. Jerome of Prague—a name which can never die—here first promulgated his reforming sentiments in religion, and on the door of St Peter's church nailed the theses containing those doctrines which he afterwards sealed with his blood. He was publicly burnt at Constance in 1416, and his ashes thrown into the Rhine, about a year after his friend and fellow-labourer John Huss had undergone a similar fate. It is impossible, therefore, to pass the door of St Peter's without feeling that species of emotion which a visit to scenes of deep historical interest is calculated to excite. Heidelberg, as is well known, became celebrated for the share it took in the reformation at the middle of the sixteenth century, when there was issued from it, by the direction of Frederic III., elector palatine, a catechism or rule of faith, which till this day is in use in certain reformed continental churches.

From the market-place, in which St Peter's church is situated, a steep ascending alley leads to the castle, which occupies a prominent shoulder of the hill over the town, and encloses within its walls several acres of ground. The ruins, which are altogether of red sandstone, exhibit a bold and magnificent front, consisting of a central edifice, like a dwelling-house, with rows of windows on different floors, flanked at the eastern angle by a huge round tower, the corresponding tower at the other corner being gone, leaving a shattered gap as if it had been torn off by violence. The edifice, when entire in all its parts, was one of the largest feudal strongholds in Germany, and formed not only an almost impregnable fortress, but a splendid palace. The oldest part dates from the beginning of the fifteenth century, and the parts of a more modern erection, resembling what we call the Elizabethan style, were added in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by the electors palatine, who made the castle their chief place of residence. The palatinate, it is almost needless to remind the reader, was the quarter in "High Germanic" which formed, during the seventeenth century, a favourite battle-ground to the European powers, and Heidelberg, as the capital and tower of strength of the district, came in for more than an ordinary share of the horrors of military devastation. The town has been repeatedly bombarded, burnt, and pillaged, the last and greatest of the attacks upon it being in 1693, when the castle, on being taken by the French, was blown up and destroyed, and the inhabitants of the town were exposed to cruelties which are too horrible to describe. The castle was afterwards restored as a fitting residence for the court of the elector palatine, but was, in 1764,

struck by lightning, which, setting fire to the fabric, was the means of reducing it to its present condition.

After ascending by the long slanting path from the town, we reach the great vaulted entrance, and thence by a winding passage below the central building, attain the inner square of the castle. Here the exceeding elegance of the architecture strikes the eye, and our first sensation is a feeling of deep sorrow, to see so much beauty of design in the splendid roofless walls doomed to an irretrievable decay. The side of the quadrangle which forms the front of the castle, is in the best state of preservation; it contains the chapel, still in good order, and beneath are vaults of considerable extent, in one of which stands the celebrated tun of Heidelberg. After seeing the chapel, and the apartments which had at one time been occupied by the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I. of England, and wife of the elector palatine, we descended to the vault containing the tun. This huge cask, which occupies an entire cellar, is adjusted in a peculiar manner on its side, and the upper part is covered by a platform with a rail, to which visitors ascend by a stair. A trapdoor in the platform may be called the bung to this monstrous vessel, and there exist means for drawing off the liquor at the end, as in an ordinary butt. According to the statement of the person who shows, and seems to be the guardian of the tun, it measures thirty-three feet in length by twenty-four in diameter, and can contain 283,000 bottles, or about 800 hogshheads. It was constructed by one of the former lords of Heidelberg, for the purpose of holding wine, and its size was intended to be emblematic of the overflowing abundance of the vintages in the beautiful country around. It has not been used since 1769, or shortly after the conflagration which rendered the castle desolate.

The view from the projecting bulwarks of the castle across the vale of the Neckar, although exceedingly grand, is inferior to that obtained from a projection of the hill above, whence the eye stretches over the extensive valley of the Upper Rhine, and is only interrupted by the Vosges mountains in France, waving along the western horizon. The extreme flatness of the land brings into view innumerable towns and villages scattered over the scene, the distant church towers seemingly growing out of a sea of verdure variegated with the yellow tints of autumn, while, winding through the beautiful landscape, the Rhine is seen at intervals glancing in the rays of the setting sun. We must, however, withdraw from the contemplation of this fair scene. The shadows of evening are deepening in the lovely valley of the Neckar below us, and we must descend to prepare for the fatigues of another day.

WEAPON-SCHAWING.

In the commencing chapter of Old Mortality, Sir Walter Scott has given an accurate and interesting description of one of the Weapon-Schawings of old Scotland, with all the formalities and sports thereupon attending. In every county or shrievalty these local militia meetings, for such (it is scarcely necessary to say) was their character, took place annually, and received the name of Weapon-Showings, from the arms and accoutrements of the assembled force being then and there inspected by the sheriff of the district. There are two places in the county of Peebles, or Tweeddale, which still retain the respective names of King's-Muir and Sheriff-Muir, originally derived from their being the scene of these periodical musters. The King's-Muir is a level piece of ground, situated close by the town of Peebles, the capital of the shire; and the Sheriff-Muir, a spot of similar character about two miles to the west of the same ancient burgh. A roll of one of the musters on the King's-Muir is still extant, and the statements which it contains will give a better idea of the nature of this species of militia force, and of the appearance of those who composed it, than could be obtained in any other way. The preamble of the roll runs thus:—"At that part of the Borrow-Muir of Peebles, called the King's-Muir, in presence of James Nasmyth of Posso, sheriff-depute of the shrievalty of Peebles, on the 15th day of June 1627, being the ordinary day and place appointed for the mustering and showing of weapons of the said shrievalty, COMPAIRED the barons and others underwritten, and gave in their musters and showing of weapons in manner following." Then begins the list of names.

"Walter Brown, in Wester Haprew, bailie to my Lord Yester, in his lordship's name, well horsed, with jack, plet sleeves, steel bonnet, pistol and sword, accompanied with threescore and five horsemen, and four footmen, all with lances and swords, dwelling on noble Lord Yester's lands, in the parishes of Peebles, Lyne, Stobo, and Drummelzier.

James Chisholm, in Glenholm, for my Lord Earl of Wigton, well horsed himself, accompanied with seven horsemen, with lances and swords, dwelling on the said noble Earl's lands, in the parish of Glenholm.

Sir Archibald Murray of Darnhall, well horsed, with a collet, accompanied with forty-two horsemen, with lances and swords, ten jacks and steel bonnets, within the parishes of Killbucko and Eddleston."

These are specimens of the followings brought to the Weapon-Showing by the larger proprietors of the county, whose duty it was to appear with a body of men proportioned to the extent of their estates, and who, indeed, usually took a pride in thus exhibiting

their greatness. The roll presents the lesser personages commonly as follows:—

"John Sander of Foulage, present for Foulage and Melin's land, well horsed, with jack, plet sleeves, and steel bonnet, sword and lance; within the parish of Peebles.

Thomas Thomson, in Bonington, present, horsed, with lance and sword; parish of Peebles.

Robert Porteous, for Winkston, present, with a buff-coat, a pair of pistols and a rapier; within the parish of Peebles."

Even these brief extracts will show sufficiently that this Weapon-Show armament, which amounted in all to 294 horsemen and 10 footmen, must have been rather a motley one, as regarded weapons, dress, and other points. Some individuals even came without any arms whatever; as in the subjoined case:—"William Brown of Logan, present, well horsed, with lance and sword; and a horseman with nothing; parish of Glenholm." As regarded the nature and appearance of the horses, also, there would in all probability be a still greater degree of incongruity than in the case of dress or arms; some of the steeds being clean-limbed bits of blood from the stables of my lord, while others came rough from the farmer's plough. But, uncouth and strangely varied as the King's-Muir assemblage was in point of external appearance, there was a still more striking variety in the characters of the parties composing the troop, if we may believe Dr Alexander Pennecuik, who was long a member of the corps, and who has described one of its meetings. Dr Pennecuik, who was a gentleman of good family and estate in Peeblesshire, and practised besides as a physician in the county, is well known as the author of a History of Tweeddale, first printed and published in 1716. A number of poems were appended to the topographical work, and from one of these we shall make some extracts, which paint most humorously the militia corps of Tweeddale. The piece was written on occasion of Argyle's invasion in 1685. The whole militia of the county was ordered out, to be in readiness to oppose him, but his speedy capture and death rendered their term of service short and bloodless. In the following description of the troop, Dr Pennecuik gives the parties introduced their territorial designations. "Drummeller" is Hay of Drummelzier (ancestor of the Hays of Dunse); "Stenhop" is Murray of Stanhope; "Hayston," Hay of Hayston (ancestor of the present Sir Adam Hay); and so on.

The merry month of May was in her pride,
And loyalty seem'd Scotland's lovely bride,
When bold Argyle, that lofty little man,
Through Neptune's regions with arm'd squadrons ran.
The royal trumpets sound, the drums do beat,
And troops march through the country soon and late
The gentry rise in arms, in splendid manner,
And thrust in throngs to brave Bellona's banner;
Crying, mount, march, charge, spur up your aivers,*
And fight like Scotsmen under valiant Clavers.
Drummeller chosen was, for heart and hand,
The loyal Tweeddale blades for to command.
As is his due, we rank him first in place
For his rare charms of body, mind, and face.
Young Stenhop, our lieutenant, bravely can
Approve himself a stout and prudent man.
What shall I say of our three Brigadiers,
But that they are incapable of fears,
Of strength prodigious, and of looks so froward,
That every glower they give would fright a coward.
To view but Hairhop's great red Roman nose
Would fley a rebel's heart into his hose.
Strong are his bones; his looks they are so big,
That every word he speaks would kill a whig.
Kind Callins with his cut-lug next appears,
The second of our warlike Brigadiers:
His arms like Sampson's, and with every leg
That might a rammer be to great Mons Meg.†

No cure nor comfort want we in its kind,
To give content to body or to mind:
For Doctor Pennecuik is our physician,
And Kickmalecric fiddler's our musician;
The Doctor's courage none, I think, dare doubt,
'Tis known he sheds more blood than all the troop.

After being in camp forty days, the poet proceeds to tell us, all the members of the loyal Tweeddale troop began to be heartily tired of their soldiering experiment.

Stout Kaillie claws his shoulders, and exclaims,
"Must I not clip my sheep, and spane my lambs?
I'll turn tail on Friday without failie,
In spite of all the troop, or deil tak Kaillie."
And yet for all this heat and fiery fary,
Good honest Kaillie to the last did tarry.

The result of the affair of course was, that the honest men were sent home to clip their sheep and spane their lambs, which operations even lairds or land-proprietors did not in those days disdain to conduct or superintend in person. In conclusion of this sketch of a militia troop of old times, we may observe, that the author of the poem from which extracts have now been given, is a personage not unworthy of a name among our Scottish poets and writers of the seventeenth century. He was an attentive observer of the rural manners of his district, and paints them, both in prose and verse, with much force and humour. He was held in great esteem among the gentry of Tweeddale, and seems himself to have been a rare specimen of the old Scottish gentleman and scholar.

* Horses. † A cut-lugged horse, or one nicked in the ears.

‡ A large cannon in Edinburgh Castle.

FANNON'S MARE,

A SKETCH FROM THE SOUTHERN STATES.

THE exploits of Fannon, the famous partisan of Randolph, would make a body of facts more interesting than any tale of fiction. He was a reckless fellow—bloody-minded as the hounds of Hayti. He sometimes slew the helpless and innocent in cold blood—the coward! But he had that instinctive tone and bearing of authority that kept his people within the metes and bounds of his own despotic will. He and his party were one day resting themselves by a spring; lounging here and there on the green grass in the shade of the trees. One of his subordinates, a big strong man, had got mad with him. His rage had been boiling in him for several days; and some fresh affront at the spring caused his anger to become ungovernable—he drew his sword and rushed at his captain, swearing he would kill him. Fannon had stretched his slight form on the sward, and was resting with his elbow on the ground and his hand under his head. His devoted followers were around him, and he heard the click of their locks as they cocked their rifles. "Let him alone!" cried Fannon, in his quick sharp tone. He lay still; calm and self-possessed, with his keen dark eyes fixed on the raging lieutenant, as he made a tremendous plunge at his breast. But when the stroke came, its object swerved away like a snake, and the baffled man plunged his sword into the ground. Quick as lightning Fannon's sharp blade passed through his gigantic frame—"Thus, and thus, I punish those who disregard my authority!" and his eyes glowed and sparkled like a serpent's. The man sank to the earth for ever.

But "Fannon's Mare" is written at the top of this sheet; and she is the heroine of this present writing. Achilles had his Xanthus and Balius, and Podargos; Alexander had his Bucephalus; McDonald had his Selim. Fannon was a man of blood like them, and like them he had his favourite and trusty charger; and Fannon's mare was worthy of her owner, or "even a better mare." He called her the Red Doe, from her resemblance in colour to a deer. She was a rare animal—fleet, powerful, intelligent, docile as a lamb—and her owner valued her, I dare say, above king or country, or the life of his fellow man. She bore him proudly and fearlessly in the bloody skirmish or the quick retreat. When he stood in the noisy council of his partisans, or in the silent ambush, the faithful brute was by his side, ever ready to bear him whithersoever he would.

Down on the east of Little River the partisan and some four or five of his followers one day captured a man by the name of Hunter, a political opponent, from the country about Salisbury. This was sufficient cause of death, and Fannon told the man he should hang him. Hunter was evidently a man of the times; but what could he do, alone and defenceless, with a dozen bitter enemies! It was a case of complete desperation. The rope was ready, and a strong old oak threw out its convenient branches. Fannon told him he might pray, for his time was come! The poor man kneeled down, and seemed absorbed in his last petition to a throne of mercy. Fannon and his men stood by; and the trusty mare stood among them with the reins on her neck. They began to be impatient for their victim to close his devotional exercises. But they soon discovered there was more of earth than heaven in Hunter's thoughts; for he suddenly sprang on Fannon's mare, bowed his head down on her powerful neck, pressed his heels on her flanks, and darted away like the wind!

The rifles were levelled in a moment—"Shoot high! shoot high!" cried Fannon; "save my mare!" The slugs all whistled over Hunter's back, save one that told with unerring aim, which tore and battered his shoulder dreadfully. He reeled on the saddle and felt sick at heart; but hope was before him, death behind, and he nerved himself for the race. On he sped. Through woods and ravines and brambles did that powerful mare carry him, safely and swiftly. His enemies were in hot pursuit. They followed him by the trail of blood from his wounded shoulder. He came to Little River; there was no ford; the bank was high, and a deep place in the stream before him. But the foe came—he drew the reins and clapped his heels to her sides, and that gallant mare plunged recklessly into the stream. She snorted in the spray as she rose, pawed the yielding wave, arched her beautiful mane above the surface, and skimmed along like a wild swan. Hunter turned her down stream in the hope of evading his pursuers; and she reared and dashed through the flashing waters of the shoal, like lightning in the storm-cloud.

But Fannon was on the trail, and rushing down the bank with all the mad energy that the loss of his favourite could inspire. Hunter turned the mare to the opposite bank; it was steep—several feet of perpendicular rock—but she planted herself on the shore at a bound; and then away she flew over the interminable forest of pines, straight and swift as an arrow—that admirable mare!

On and on did the generous brute bear her master's foe, till the pursuers were left hopelessly behind. Late in the evening Hunter rode into Salisbury, had the slug extracted from his shoulder, and after lingering some time with the effects of his wound and excitement, finally got well. And that gallant mare, that had done him such good service, he kept and cherished till she died of old age.—From the Southern Citizen, quoted in the New-Yorker.

SONG OF PEACE.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

Awake the song of peace—
Let nations join the strain;
The march of blood and pomp of war
We will not have again!
Let fruit-trees crown our fields,
And flowers our valleys fair;
And on our mountain steep—the songs
Of happy swains be there!
Our maidens shall rejoice,
And bid the timbrel sound;
Soft dreams no more shall broken be
With drums parading round.
No tears for lovers slain
From lovely eyes shall fall;
But music and the dance shall come
In halcyon joy to all!
The rider and his steed,
Their path of fame is o'er;
The trumpet and the trumpeter
Shall squadrons rouse no more!
No fields of victory won
With blade and battle-brand!
A nobler triumph shall be ours—
A bright and happy land!
Too long the man of blood
Hath ruled without control;
Nor widows' tears, nor orphans' sighs,
Could touch his iron soul!
But, lo! the mighty's fallen—
And from his lofty brow
The chaplet fades that circled there—
Where are his trophies now?
Look to the countless graves,
Where sleep the thousands slain!
The morning songs no more call forth
The stirring bands again!
The din, the strife is past
Of foe with falling foe—
The grassy leaves wave o'er their heads
And quiet they rest below!
Sound high the harp of song,
And raise the joyous strain;
But war's rough note be it ne'er heard
To swell the chords again.
Put all its trappings past—
Vain pomp of bygone years—
To ploughshares grind the pointed swords,
To pruning-hooks the spears!
Come, man, to brother man,
Come in the bond of peace;
Then strife and war, with all their train
Of dark'ning woe, shall cease.
Come, with that spirit free,
That art and science give;
Come, with the patient mind for truth,
Seek it, and ye shall live!
Then earth shall yield her fruits—
The seasons forth shall bring,
And summer fair shall pour her sweets
Into the lap of spring!
While autumn, mellow, comes
With full and liberal hand,
And gladness then shall fill each heart
Through all the happy land.

WALPOLIANA.

[A second series of gleanings from the miscellany of pieces under that title by Horace Walpole.]

LORD WILLIAM FOULET.

Lord William Foulet, though often chairman of committees of the House of Commons, was a great dunce, and could scarcely read. Being to read a bill for naturalising Jimina, Duchess of Kent, he called her, Jeremiah, Duchess of Kent.

Having heard south walls commended for ripening fruit, he showed all the four sides of his garden for south walls. A gentleman, writing to desire a fine horse he had, offered him any equivalent. Lord William replied, that the horse was at his service, but he did not know what to do with an elephant.

A pamphlet, called "The Snake in the Grass," being reported (probably in joke) to be written by this Lord William Foulet, a gentleman abused in it sent him a challenge. Lord William professed his innocence, and that he was not the author; but the gentleman would not be satisfied without a denial under his hand. Lord William took a pen, and began, "This is to scratify, that the buk called the Snak"—"Oh, my lord," said the person, "I am satisfied; your lordship has already convinced me you did not write the book."

HOURS OF COMPOSITION.

I wrote the "Castle of Otranto" in eight days, or rather eight nights; for my general hours of composition are from ten o'clock at night till two in the morning, when I am sure not to be disturbed by visitors. While I am writing, I take several cups of coffee.

APPLAUSE, THE NURSE OF GENIUS.

One quality I may safely arrogate to myself: I am not afraid to praise. Many are such timid judges of composition, that they hesitate, and wait for the public opinion. Show them a manuscript, though they highly approve it in their hearts, they are afraid to commit themselves by speaking out. Several excellent works have perished from this cause: a writer of real talents being often a mere sensitive plant with regard to his own productions. Some evils of Mason (how inferior a poet and judge!) had almost induced Gray to destroy his two beautiful and sublime odes. We should not only praise, but hasten to praise.

AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.

I have always rather tried to escape the acquaintance and conversation of authors. An author, talking of his own works, or censuring those of others, is to me a dose

of ipecacuanha. I like only a few, who can, in company, forget their authorship, and remember plain sense.

The conversation of artists is still worse. Vanity and envy are the main ingredients. One detests vanity, because it shocks one's own vanity.

Had I listened to the censures of artists, there is not a good piece in my collection. One blames one part of a picture, another attacks another. Sir Joshua is one of the most candid; yet he blamed the stiff drapery of my Henry VII. in the state bed-chamber, as if good drapery could be expected in that age of painting.

CRITICISM.

It is prudent to consult others before one ventures on publication—but every single person is as liable to be erroneous as an author. An elderly man, as he gains experience, acquires prejudices too: nay, old age has generally two faults—it is too quick-sighted into the faults of the time being, and too blind to the faults that reigned in his youth; which having partaken of, or having admired, though injudicially, he recollects with complaisance.

BON-MOTS.

I have made a collection of the witty sayings of Charles II. I have also a collection of bon-mots, by people who only said one witty thing in the whole course of their lives. Charles II. hearing a high character of a preacher in the country, attended one of his sermons. Expressing his dissatisfaction, one of the courtiers replied, that the preacher was applauded to the skies by his congregation. "Ay," observed the king, "I suppose his nonsense suits their nonsense."

CONTEMPORARY JUDGMENTS.

Contemporaries are tolerable judges of temporary merit, but often most erroneous in their estimate of lasting fame. Burnet, you know, speaks of "one Prior;" and Whitlocke of "one Milton, a blind man." Burnet and Whitlocke were men of reputation themselves. But what say you of Heath, the obscure chronicler of the civil wars? He says, "one Milton, since stricken with blindness," wrote against Salmasius; and compared "an impudent book, called Iconoclastes."

FACE-PAINTING.

Lady Coventry, the celebrated beauty, killed herself with painting. She bedaubed herself with white, so as to stop the perspiration. Lady Mary Wortley Montague was more prudent: she went often into the hot bath, to scrape off the paint, which was almost as thick as plaster on a wall.

HEROISM OF A PEASANT.

The following generous action has always struck me extremely; there is somewhat even of sublime in it.—A great inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an excessive fall of snow in the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the river Adige carried off a bridge near Verona, except the middle part, on which was the house of the toll-gatherer, or porter, I forget which; and who, with his whole family, thus remained imprisoned by the waves, and in momentary danger of destruction. They were discovered from the banks, stretching forth their hands, screaming, and imploring succour, while fragments of this remaining arch were continually dropping into the water. In this extreme danger, a nobleman, who was present, a Count of Pulverini, held out a purse of one hundred sequins, as a reward to any adventurer who would take a boat, and deliver this unhappy family. But the risk was so great of being borne down by the rapidity of the stream, of being dashed against the fragment of the bridge, or of being crushed by the falling stones, that not one, in the vast number of spectators, had courage enough to attempt such an exploit. A peasant, passing along, was informed of the proposed reward. Immediately jumping into a boat, he by strength of oars gained the middle of the river, brought his boat under the pile, and the whole family safely descended by means of a rope. "Courage!" cried he, "now you are safe." By a still more strenuous effort, and great strength of arm, he brought the boat and family to shore. "Brave fellow," exclaimed the count, handing the purse to him, "here is the promised recompense." "I shall never expose my life for money," answered the peasant. "My labour is a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife, and children. Give the purse to this poor family, who have lost all."

FEMALE QUARRELS.

A man of rank, hearing that two of his female relations had quarrelled, asked, "Did they call each other ugly?" "No," "Well, well, I shall soon reconcile them."

POISSARDES.

The *poissardes* or fish-women at Paris, form a sort of body-corporate. In the time of Louis XIV., the Dauphin having recovered from a long illness, the fish-women deputed four of their troop to offer their congratulations. After some difficulties, the ladies were admitted by the king's special command, and conducted to the Dauphin's apartment. One of them began a sort of harangue, "What would have become of us if our dear Dauphin had died? We should have lost our all." The king meanwhile had entered behind, and being extremely jealous of his power and glory, frowned at this ill-judged compliment; when another of the deputation, with a ready wit, regained his good graces, by adding, "True, we should have lost our all—for our good king could never have survived his son, and would doubtless have died of grief." The neatness of this unexpected turn was much admired.

PREJUDICES.

Our passions and prejudices ever mislead us. There is a French bon-mot on this topic. A curate and his wife had heard that the moon was inhabited; a telescope was borrowed, and the lady had the first peep. "I see," said she, "I see two shades inclining towards each other; they are, beyond doubt, happy lovers." "Poh!" said the curate, looking in his turn, "these two shades are the two steeples of a cathedral."

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